

Clearfield Republican.

BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 23, 1860.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.—NO. 20.

The Clearfield Republican.

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JOB PRINTING.

An extensive stock of Jobbing material enables the Publisher of the "Republican" to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of

POSTERS, PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, PAPER BOOKS, CIRCULARS, LABELS, BALL TICKETS, HANDBILLS, and every kind of printing usually done in a country job office.

All orders will be executed with neatness and despatch.
G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. M'COLLOUGH. WM. M'COLLOUGH.
M'COLLOUGH & BROTHER,
Attorneys at Law.

Office on Market street, opposite Messrs' Store, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to Collections, Sale of Lands, &c. nov-17

P. W. HAYS, Justice of the Peace, will attend promptly to collections and other matters at his charge. Address Kersey, Elk co., Pa. Oct. 24 1860-ly.

DANIEL GOODLANDER,
Justice of the Peace
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co. Pa., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. March 28, 1860—ly, pd.

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,
At the mouth of Lock Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive manufacturers of Lumber,
July 23, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,
Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., Ac., ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his stand in the borough of Curwensville.
Dec. 29, 1853.

D. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity.
Residence on Second street, opposite ft. of Crans, Esq. my 1, '58.

J. G. HARTSWICK, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Clearfield Pa., May 20, 1860.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend promptly and faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care, in the several Courts of Clearfield and adjoining counties.
Office, the one formerly occupied by G. R. Barrett, Oct. 26th, 1859—ly.

DR. G. W. STEWART
Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of West Washington and surrounding community. Office three doors west of the Washington House, New Washington, Pa., Oct. 14, 1859.

JOHN HUIDEKOPER,
CIVIL ENGINEER & LAND SURVEYOR, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
All business entrusted to him will be promptly and faithfully executed.
Office with Leonard, Finney & Co.

LEVER LEGAL,
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co. Pa., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. He also informs the public that he keeps constantly on hand at his shop, a general assortment of Saddles, Bridles, Harness and shoes, which he will sell on reasonable terms.
April 4, 1860.

DENTAL CARD.
M. SMITH offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and despatch. Being familiar with all the latest improvements, he is prepared to make Artificial Teeth in the best manner.
Sep. 14th, 1858. ly.

A. R. LARIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law
Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c., &c. in Clearfield, and Elk counties.
July 30—y

DOBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa., Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office.
dec. 1, 1858.—ly.

MOORE & ETZWILER,
Wholesale and Retail Merchants. Also extensive dealers in timber, sawed lumber and shingles. Also, dealers in foreign goods, which will be sold cheap for cash.
Oct. 14, 1859.

HENRY WHITEHEAD,
Justice of the Peace
Rockton, Union tp., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
Sept. 12, 1860. ly.

very large stock of Spring and Summer clothing of the latest styles for sale low by Curwensville, May 14 1860. B. A. IRVIN.

Select Poetry.

THE ORPHAN.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

We loved her as our own, poor child,
And through the weary years,
We nursed her life with constant care,
And kissed her silent tears.
She strove to seem contented while
We cheered her through the day,
But when alone at night, poor child,
She wept her life away.

We strove by every art, poor child,
By every tender art
And every gentle means, to win
Her sorrow from her heart;
But still she drooped beneath our care,
And sadder grew each day;
Her cheek was always wet, poor child,
She wept her life away.

Still, while she wept and strove, poor child,
To pay our love with smiles,
And hide her sorrow from our hearts
With sweet and playful wiles,
Her lips grew whiter and her cheek
Grew paler day by day,
They could not live apart, poor child,
She wept her life away.

She died when summer came, poor child,
The child we could not save,
And hardly mourning that she slept,
We laid her in the grave.
She never could forget the day
Her sister mother died,
They could not live apart, poor child—
They slumber side by side.

Miscellaneous.

ICE-WRECKED.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

We had hardly crossed the Atlantic, and were beginning to look eagerly for our first sight of the New World, when a sudden change occurred in the temperature, and the balmy days of April were followed by a May cold and cutting almost as sharp as winter. At length we entered the estuary of the St. Lawrence, and then the mystery was solved, for its entire surface was checked with masses of ice; evidently the broken-up winter covering of the river above being swept by the current out to sea. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the ice-fields as they flashed and sparkled like gigantic gems in their setting of azure sea. Many were of great size also, like floating islands, and the heaped-up blocks upon their surface gleamed from a distance like cities of dazzling crystal.

The wind was in our favor, and our good ship sped up the gulf, threading her way through the channels of the floating ice-fields, while, hour after hour, her passengers stood watching with unwearying eyes the splendid scene around them. Even when night came, there was the same eager throng of gazers, for those large frozen plains glittered in the moon light with a strange spectral beauty which none of us had ever seen before.

After a time, a mass of ice, huger than common, appeared floating down the stream. Subsequently, we learned that it was part of the cone the spray forms every winter before the falls of Montmorency. On it came, gleaming palely against the deep blue sky like a castle of spotless marble, rising in tower and turret, and massive buttress, and enriched by the most delicate tracery. Every eye was fixed upon it in breathless admiration, as it swept majestically by, until, as it passed between us and the wind, by its loftiness it momentarily leaped us. Suddenly the stationary ship received a severe blow, which vibrated not only through all her timbers but through every one of the hundred and forty human beings who formed her living freight. Never shall I forget the shrieks of terror that followed, as women well-nigh frantic with fear, clasped their children to their bosoms, believing that the ship had struck upon a rock, and that their last moment had come. A cry from the bow, that it was but a blow from the ice, somewhat relieved their fears, and they stood quietly by, while the helm was put down, and the sails drawn round, in the effort to free us from the huge mass of ice which still lay across the vessel's bows pressing and grating audibly against her timbers. A minute more, and above the din of blocks and cordage, and the stamping of men's feet, there arose a wild cry that echoed far and wide over the surrounding ice-fields, and through every cranny of the neighboring ice-castle—"The ship is sinking!"

It was an appalling announcement; and unfortunately it was a true one. The ice had struck us heavier than we thought, and its hard, sharp edge, keen and resistless as that of a knife, pressing against the bow of our vessel—undefended as she was by the double timbers needed for ice-encounters—had cut them completely through, so that the water rushed in with the force and rapidity of a cascade.

What a fearful scene of terror and confusion ensued! In the shrieks and lamentation of women, the cries of children, and the silent anguish of men, as they beheld the fears and danger of those dearest to them, on one side the blow fell heavier than on me; for I had a delicate wife on board, and of my two little ones, the youngest was an invalid. Meanwhile, no time was lost. There was no space to lower the boats, and the pale, terrified passengers were hurriedly passed down by the bowsprit, upon the ice. It was touching to see some snatch a cloak or wrapper as they passed, the sole relic of all their worldly possessions, while others, in their terror, departed without even that. A few provisions were next sent down, quickly followed by the crew; and then we stood a wretched, cowering group upon the ice-field that had wrought us so much evil, watching for the last mo-

ment of the good ship, which had brought us in peace and safety more than two thousand miles. It was not long in coming.

Suddenly the bow went low, as if to salute the waves, and the stern rose high into the air, then with a rapid forward movement, the stately ship passed silently down into the bosom of the deep, every tall mast and tapering yard in its place, and every sail spread to its utmost, and gleaming white in the moonlight, until each in its turn passed from our sight. For a few moments there was a troubled vortex, and then the moon-lit sea rolled placidly on, and the gentle night wind swept over the spot, leaving no trace of the fearful shipwreck which, in scarce ten minutes from the time the ice struck our devoted vessel, had left us exposed and helpless upon the broad sea, our only refuge that desolate field of ice—hard, inhospitable, and shelterless.

That night was one of infinite suffering to hardy men; what, then, must it have been to the feeble and helpless? A few loose planks and spars had been thrown over from the ship and the scramble to obtain them was like a struggle for gold. I was so fortunate as to secure one, and on it I placed my poor wife and elder child, rolled together in our only cloak; while through the livelong night I passed to and fro beside them, with the little one wrapped in the breast of my coat, striving in vain to still its cries; and as I walked, my feet clung to the frozen pavement beneath them, and the cold shot up through my limbs like an icy fire, causing intolerable pain.

As the night passed on the cold increased, or else we felt it more; and many times, as I looked on the shivering beings crouching around me, I thought that few among them would survive till morning. But thanks, under Providence, to the officers of the ship, who served out, at short intervals, small allowances of spirits, the day dawned on all save a few small children, my own dear babe among them. And truly, when I looked upon the wide waste of waters around us, dotted here and there by silvery ice fields, but uncheered by a single sail, and thought of our desolation, our misery, and probable fate, I felt it was mercifully called away from the evil to come. But the mother could not feel so, and amid her own sufferings, her tears fell fast on the sweet, placid face that would never weep again.

With the morning, the ship's company and passengers were mustered, to ascertain if any was missing, and great was our consternation to find that Mr. Grant was absent. Every inquiry was made, and every search among the crevices and crannies of our rugged ice craft; but all in vain. In the confusion and misery of the night, none had missed him, nor was any trace of him to be found, and we were at length compelled to believe that our kind friend and master had either perished in the wreck, or else in his passage to the ice.

Meanwhile many were the eager eyes continually scanning the horizon in the vain search for a friendly sail. As the day wore on, the sun shone brilliantly out, and his beams flashed in a thousand dazzling rays on our ice raft, until we were almost blinded by their radiance. Yet they shed a warmth through our chilled frames for which we were most thankful, and in many spots they melted the ice, which ran in little rills, enabling us to quench our thirst without filling our mouths with ice. Twice in the day a little biscuit and raw pork were distributed to us, and thus sadly and suffering passed the day, till a second night of misery set in. This proved far worse than the former, for, ere long, wild gusts began to howl over the ocean wastes out among which we now had drifted; and heavy waves lashed and raged around us, and dashed themselves against our refuge; and though they had not power to put it into motion, we knew not how soon they might sweep over it or shatter it in pieces. It was a fearful night, and so exhausted and despairing did it leave us, that we scarce could rouse ourselves to exertion, until a sailor's cry of "Sail ho!" awoke fresh hope.

How many tearful eyes brightened, and heavy hearts throbbed quick and gratefully, as they watched that sail speed on towards us before the last breath of the expiring gale! As she drew near the only fear was lest she should not have space for all. Nearer and still nearer she came, until we could see the men upon her decks, and then—no, we scarce could believe our eyes—she passed us by, unobserving us or heeding the signal we had placed upon a spar, and the dark group of human beings clustered around it. If unheeding, Heaven forgive them, for it was a fearful depth of despair into which to fling back so many of their fellow creatures. The women sank down to heart-stricken for words, and men lifted up their voices in bitter indignation at the cruelty that could thus leave women and children to perish. Death in one of his most fearful forms did indeed seem pressing close upon us, for our scanty stock of food was exhausted. Many flung themselves full length upon the ice, utterly indifferent to all outward objects; while others prayed earnestly over the dear ones for whom all earthly hopes were past.

Suddenly a loud shout rose above the splash of the waves and the murmur of sorrowful voices, and echoed cheerfully over our frozen resting place. Every eye turned seaward, and there, but a few fathoms from us lay a large vessel, which, absorbed as we were in our misery, had approached us unperceived. Her bulwarks were filled with sympathizing faces, and to our feeble cheer of welcome there came back so heartily a response that it sent a glow through our shivering frames. Never was kindness greater than we poor ice-wrecked voyagers received from the crew and passengers of that ship,

crowded though she already was. To their care and attention we owed not only our own lives, but those of the dear ones who seemed about to die; and never can we feel sufficiently grateful for their good offices, or the many sacrifices they made on our behalf.

The ship was westward bound, and on our arrival in Canada, the account of our misfortunes brought us many offers of employment. Years have passed since and the world has gone well with us, but nothing can erase from our minds the haunting remembrance of the days and nights of suffering we passed upon that fearful ice-field.

Quit That?

Quit that? Quit telling your innocent, confiding, trembling children about ghosts and hobgoblins. You are throwing a sorrow upon young hearts that will cling their thro' life. How many mothers are they who quiet their children by saying, "the bug-a-bugs will come and take you off—come old nigger; come and—well, will you hush up this minute?"

The poor child believes all its own mother says, and why shouldn't it? It ought to believe. That is its filial duty.—The sobbing fluttering heart is quieted, but not comforted. Those fearful eyes close in a sleep of terror; a weary, broken rest follows; the child dreams—but oh! who can tell the sadness of a child while it dreams in a sleep frightened upon it by alarms of all that is terrible and repulsive? Such inhuman treatment endangers the mind—the intellect. Mothers, beware! See that no servant or nurse, or older brother or sister, drive arrows of grief to the very soul of your child. A sorrow early planted and watered by tears will bring forth a harvest of bitterness and despair.

How common a habit is this to teach children to fear unseen dangers at night-fall! The peaceful night; so full of sweetest, and in the night that brings the honeyed drops of dew to bless the flowers and refresh the leaves, the night that brings rest to the weary, this dearest time of all, is to be made terrible to children. What wickedness! Why, it is blasphemy to make the little one believe that God forgets them, and sends tormentors to trouble them in the silent watches of the night-fall.

Daniel Webster on the Union.

"While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken, and dishonored fragments of a glorious Union; on States dis severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, 'What is all this worth?' Or those other words of delusion and folly—'Liberty first, and Union afterwards'—but every where spread all over in characters of living light blazing in all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and the land, and in every wind over the whole heavens, and that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—'LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE.'"

SPECULATIONS AS TO MR. LINCOLN'S CANDIDACY.—A dispatch from Springfield, [the home of Mr. Lincoln] to the New York Times, says that speculation is rife among prominent politicians most intimate with the President elect, and supposed therefore to be well-informed as to his probable course. The composition of his cabinet is freely canvassed, and the following are the names most prominently mentioned: For Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward, of New York; For Secretary of the Treasury, Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia; For Secretary of the Interior, John Bell, of Tennessee; For Secretary of War, Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky; For Postmaster General, Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana;—Gardner of Michigan; For Secretary of the Navy, John Minor Botts, of Virginia; For Attorney General, Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland.

DIPLOMACY AND TRUTH.—M. de Talleyrand, when reproached by a friend for certain diplomatic finessings, usually attributed to him, replied: "There is nothing in the sphere of politics so hard to get believed as the truth. Whenever I have always been suspected of dissimulation; I have always been believed when I have resigned myself to the necessity of concealing it. I predict that the first statesman who shall have the moral courage to avow, hour by hour, all that he thinks and all that he knows, will create for himself a reputation of being the most consummate hypocrite."

Several Irishmen were one day trying to decipher a notice headed "Public Sale." This notice, though written tolerably plain, could not be read by the Emeralds, and they requested a bystander to read it for them, which he did. At the conclusion one of them turned to his comrades and remarked, in a very impressive tone:

"Well, be jabers, I'll never buy of a man who's so nagardly that he won't get his advertisements printed; he's shamed the printer, and he'd chat me as well."

A Word for the Babies.

Is it not a little singular that while the kitchen, the parlor, the bed-rooms, and even the garret and cellar receive their due share of attention in the *Agriculturalist*, few of your correspondents have a word to say about the little ones? Nice furniture, good cooking, proper table manners, etc., are all important in good house-keeping, but what mother would not rather hear about her baby, than any other subject that can be introduced. Listed to the conversation when ladies meet of an afternoon. What "dear little creatures" they are, to be sure, how cunning, how forward, or—how troublesome. Then too, observe how when a visitor wishes to ingratiate himself with the head of a family, he addresses himself at once to the baby; if he can win a smile there, he need not fear an unfavorable reception from the mother.

It makes me smile to read the plans laid down in some books for doing the household work. There is an hour set for rising, so long a time for getting breakfast and clearing up, so much for sweeping and dusting, etc., and so on to the end of the chapter, making everything go by the clock and like clock-work—on paper. Who doesn't know, that forty times a day, whether washing, ironing or baking, when baby cries, everything must be dropped at once, and its mouth stopped in some way?—some mothers know only one way, but of that hereafter. Why you might as well lay down the number of hours each day that a sailor shall have his sails up and arranged in a particular manner, and expect him to get safely to port. The first *swallow* knocks all such calculations overboard.

Now, since these costly little treasures necessarily take up so much time and attention, and in view of the inexperience and ignorance of thousands of young married people, it appears to me that if some capable mother would teach us how to take care of the baby, she would add interest to your column, and be a real benefactress. I'm sure the household nursery is worthy of as much attention as the tree nursery, to which you devote a column monthly, and if you agree with me, we may hope that this subject may hereafter receive due attention. **MARRIAGE.**—A most excellent suggestion; certainly, let the babies receive their share of attention. Who will tell our readers how to keep them comfortable and healthy, how and when to feed them, how to amuse them, to give them proper exercise, describe their proper clothing, and a hundred other matters that a *man* would never think of? We will cheerfully make room for good *practical* suggestions, however faulty may be the style—that can easily be remedied in the editorial mill, where most contributions are ground over. *Am. Agriculturist.*

WIFE VS. LADY.—It is certainly not good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his lady, or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as "John Smith and Lady," or to ask a friend, "How is your lady?" This is all fashionable vulgarity; and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term *wife*, is far more refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say instead of "my husband," "my gentleman" suppose we were to speak of "Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentleman." The thing would be perfectly ludicrous, and its converse is none the less so, if rightly considered. A man's wife, is his wife, not his lady, and we marvel that this latter term is not utterly tabooed, in such a connection at least, by educated and intelligent people. It ought to be left for the exclusive use of the codfish aristocracy.

A SCENE. Dry goods stores are sometimes the scene of ludicrous conversation. The other day a young lady stepped into a well known establishment in town and inquired of a fine looking clerk—

"Sir, have you any mouse-colored ladies gloves?"
"Mouse-colored gloves, Miss?"
"Yes—a sort of gray—just the color of your drawers here," meaning the store drawers, of course, which were painted gray.

"My drawers?" ejaculated the young man, glancing downwards to see if everything was right and tight—"My drawers? why I don't wear any!" The young lady was carried home on a shotter.

Oliver Wendell Holmes vividly describes death thus:—"By the stillness of the sharpened features, by the blackness of the fearless eye, by the fixedness of the smileless mouth, by the deadening tints, by the contracted brows, by the dilating nostrils, we know the soul is soon to leave its mortal tenement, and it already closes its windows and puts out its fires."

THE REMAINS OF GEN. WALKER.—The New Orleans *Delta* states that Capt. J. S. West, a devoted friend, and companion in arms of the late Gen. Walker, sailed on the 8th inst., in the schooner John A. Taylor, for Truxillo, with a view to obtain if possible, the remains of General Walker, for his father in Nashville.

Among the Democratic members of Congress, just elected in Indiana, is the Hon. D. W. Voorhees, whose pr. speech in behalf of Cook, contained a d. executed at Charleston, Va. gave him a national reputation as a most brilliant orator.

John W. Jones, Esq., who was sued for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying to the jury that when he had one, she fought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

William Howitt, the English author, announces his belief in Spiritualism, and the English journals have taken up his discussion extensively.

Falling from Grace.

A good story is told of a certain Methodist dominie of the pioneer camp. The dominie had in some way incurred the displeasure of one of his members—one of the elderly, irascible saints of which nearly each parish is "charge" or "vicarage." This one or more representatives. The dominie had tried in every way to effect a reconciliation. He had "wrestled with the Lord" in the erring brother's behalf. He had labored personally with him, earnestly, but all to no purpose. So he expelled him, as a matter of duty. The expelled brother then took every occasion to insult and wound the feeling of his pastor. He slandered him, abused him to his face and behind his back, until at length the poor dominie could stand it no longer. Meeting him one day in the post office, where a large crowd was collected, as usual the w. commenced his abuse. As usual the dominie, as he was leaving the room, made some remark, to which the disaffected member responded, "That's a d—die!"

Quick as thought the dominie turned, and stepping up to his astonished enemy, and seizing him by the throat, gave vent to his long pent up feelings as follows:—"Don't you repeat that word again, you poor, low, dirty scoundrel. I've tried this just as long as I possibly can. I try to be a Christian, I have followed Christ, in my weak way, nearly forty years. But I belong to a church which believes in falling from grace. And if you ever, in any way, insult or abuse me again in word or deed, I shall, in all probability, fall from grace. And if I do, I get one of the all-firedest thrashings you ever had in your life. I wouldn't advise you to try it on, for I've made up my mind to do just that thing." It is needless to say, the ex-member concluded it was time to "dry up."

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE TANEY.—When the library in the Capitol was in flames, and clouds of smoke were rolling out and enveloping the building, Chief Justice Taney of the Supreme Court, appeared in his seat at the usual hour, looking quite tranquil and undisturbed. "May I please your Honor," said an officer of the Court, "will the Court sit to day?" The Chief Justice looked up, and coolly and significantly asked, "Is the court room really on fire?" "Oh no, no, not yet," was the answer. "Then we'll sit all it is," added the Chief. And the Court did sit, and transacted business as usual, amid all the confusion about it.

HARD ON LAWYERS.—A bill requiring every attorney at law, on the request of his client, to give his opinion in writing upon the points bearing directly in a given case, and holding him responsible when, through incompetency, neglect or mismanagement on his part, the client suffers damage, has passed the House in the Vermont Legislature. If that bill doesn't suppress to a notable extent freedom of "opinion" among the legal fraternity of Vermont, we shall confess ourselves no prophet.

CENTRAL AMERICAN CONFEDERACY.—President Martinez, of Nicaragua, in a proclamation thanking the people for their patriotic efforts during the recent filibuster excitement, urges the necessity of the five republics of Central America becoming consolidated for their greater strength and security, under the title of the Republic of Central America, and offers, for his part, to lay down all his authority as the feet of a Central government.

The lady who "kiss her brows," has commenced on a pair of socks. Her sister was choked with indignation. Her brother went away in disgust, and returned in a steamer. A cousin who went into the rope line the other way—was hung. Her husband started on an enterprise—gone to Australia to escape the sheriff.

Wm. R. Ray, of Connecticut, picked forty bushels of apples from one tree.—He had the curiosity to count the number of apples in one bush, and found 193, making 7910 in one bush, and consequently 316,400 apples grow upon the tree.

The negro man who was convicted of a rape upon, and attempted the murder of a young white girl, and sentenced to be hung, at Dorset, Del., in December, broke jail on Saturday night last and escaped.

Old Bachelor Smeed would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the new novel, used, when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

Gov. Gil, of South Carolina, is one of the pillars of the Methodist Episcopal Church in his State, immensely wealthy, and cares for nothing but the welfare of his people.

An enthusiastic Republican in New Hampshire, says—
"The morning light is breaking—"
So are the banks breaking.

Fun is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new source of supply, deserves the name of public benefactor.

Prentice says he has heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but he knows of many thousand young ones who have kissed very great calves.

For a long time Kansas was "bleeding." Now she is *arving*. She finds this decidedly the worst of the two.—*Prof.*

Hon. Hoar is King, Assistant Postmaster General, is on a brief visit to his friends in Maine.

The Key-Notes of the Republic's Music—
—Dur-key—s—d—Whit-key.